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Uncle Sam as Some Americans (?) Would Have Him.

27, 1900.

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· LIFE ·

AMERICANS

Published October 4th

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Above and Below.

SHE lives in the square below me there.
 Ah me! If she'd only love me!
 She lives in the square below me there,
 But moves in a circle above me.



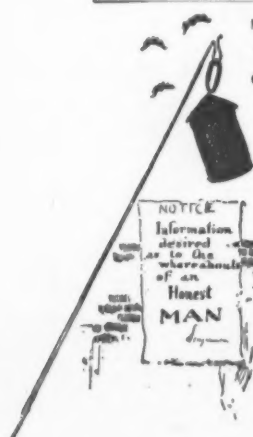
"While there is Life there's Hope."
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THIS is the month in which we must expect to see our statisticians record the lowest average of veracity since the corresponding period four years ago. Between now and election it becomes the business of large numbers of our fellow-citizens to make us believe what isn't so. It is the time of roorbacks, of rumors, of put-

up jobs, of strikes for political effect, of panics, of "fake" bets, of stories built of flimsy materials and designed to hold together until after election. We should all be on our guard now against over-credulousness. When we are told that the Filipinos are almost ready to begin loving us, we are entitled to have our reasonable doubts about it; when we are told that Bryan's election will stifle enterprise and wreck the finances of everyone who has any finances, we must not quake too violently; when we are told that Republican success means a career of conquest for our country, and the further enrichment of the rich and impoverishment of the poor, we must take those forecasts, too, with a fair allowance of salt.

It is going to make a difference who wins the election, but not such an enormous difference as our political friends would have us believe. Bryan

isn't fit to be President so far as we know, and many of the ideas he upholds are mischievous rubbish, but a good many pretty sensible men will vote for him, who would not vote for a man who, they thought, would rush the country to destruction. McKinley stands for what we permit ourselves to call imperialism, but there is reason to suspect that he doesn't like it much better than we do, and is holding on because of the extreme difficulty of letting go. A lot of the men who are trying to elect him, and will vote for him, hate imperialism and Asiatic expansion and militarism and the like evils with hearty and virtuous dislike. Whoever is elected, there will be a great deal of pulling back from men who are entitled to be considered.



DISPARAGING allusions to our Philippine policy are open just now to the objection that they seem to incite folks to vote for Bryan. For that reason it will be more agreeable to make them after election, for it is by no means true that Bryan represents a monopoly of conservative sentiment in the country on the Expansion question. If all the voters who were disinclined to a system of colonies beyond the seas governed from Washington were going to vote for Bryan he might be elected, whereas even in Wall Street it is hard to get up a healthy scare over his prospects.



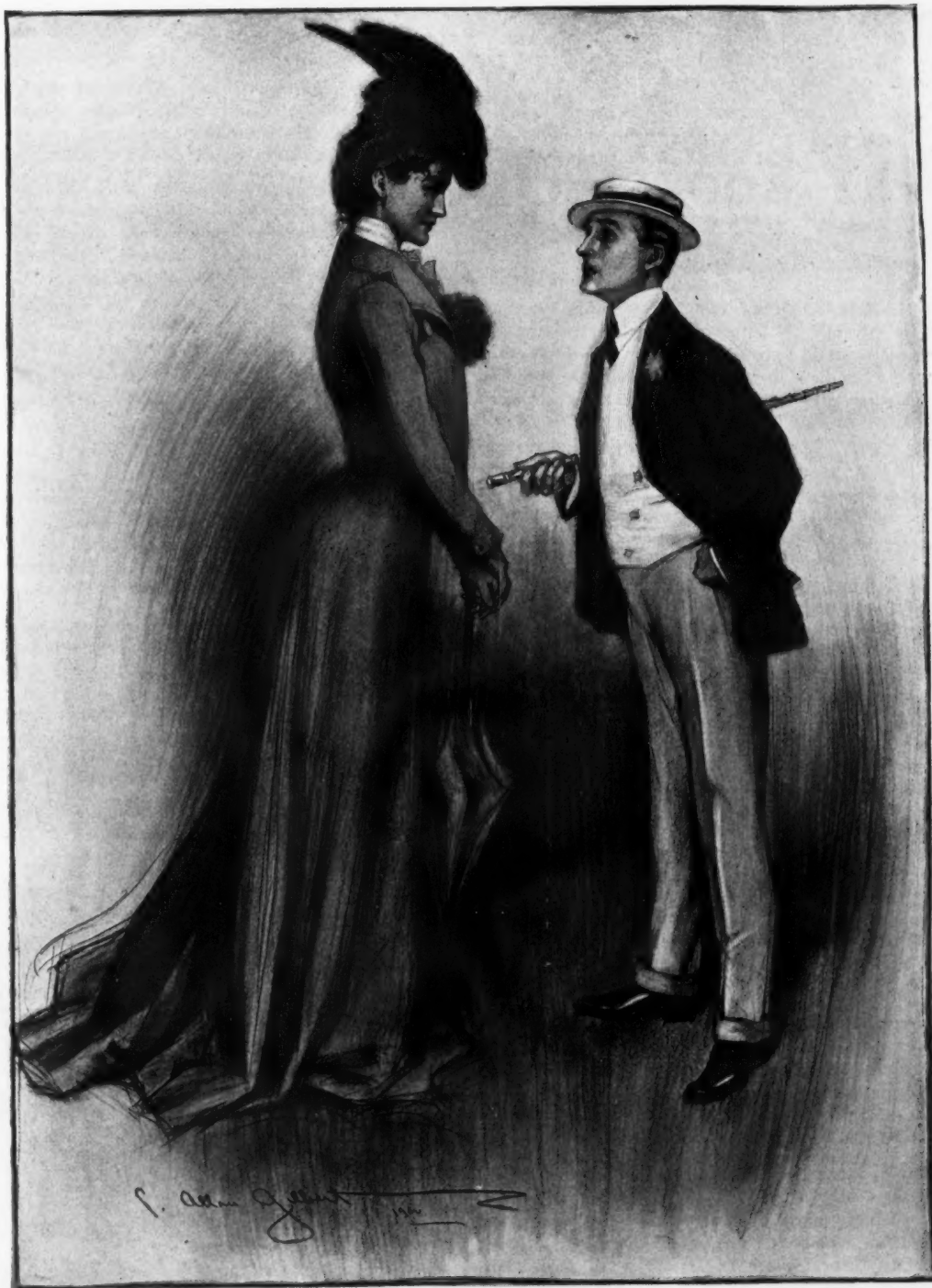
IT is amusing—somewhat grimly so—to see how the leading Democrats of the Cleveland School continue, as they come to the fork of the roads, to make their choice and issue statements making their excuses. Since Senator Caffery refused to be the Nationalist candidate, Mr. Moorfield Storey, of Boston, has buried his savings under a weeping willow in his back yard, and come out for Bryan. Mr. Storey has had a horrible time with himself about politics and the state of the country for the last four years, which is a pity, for he is one of

the best men in the land. He has not hid his sufferings from the world, and we all know that he did not turn to Bryan until every avenue of escape seemed closed. For cases like his, there ought to be invented an operation on the mentals corresponding to the operation for appendicitis. When, through no fault of the patient, an organ of the mind continues at intervals to give dreadful pains, and can't be cured, it ought to be taken out, so that the patient can have health and go about his business. Perhaps Mr. Storey would say that nothing ailed him, but that it is the appendix of the country, newly acquired, useless, and situated in the Philippines, that is inflamed and needs to be disconnected. That is a fair way to put it. How long would any good political surgeon, called to attend Uncle Sam, and unvexed by other considerations than such as affect the patient's health, hesitate to declare that his Philippine appendix ought to come out at the first moment he was well enough to stand the operation?

Mr. Hornblower, of New York, another Cleveland Democrat, has made his choice and excuses himself without many qualms, in a statement that announces his preference for McKinley. Perhaps after election it may be possible to generalize about the difference in the mental processes of Boston and New York. The tendency to seek the martyr's crown seems somehow stronger among Boston Democrats than in New York.

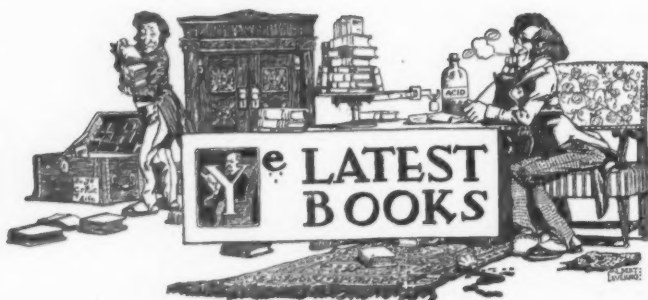


SUNDRY golf-clubs in Connecticut are under disfavor of the law for employing boys under fourteen as caddies during school hours. The authorities are after superintendents who are careless about it, and the authorities are right. There is also objection to employing caddies on Sundays, but that the law in Connecticut has not yet been used to stop. There is a great deal more to be said in favor of Sunday golf than in favor of Sunday caddies. Some clubs decline to furnish caddies on Sundays, and there is a good deal of reasonableness about that conclusion.



He: IS YOUR FATHER A LARGE MAN?

Ruth: REASONABLY SO. I HAVE SEEN HIM TAKE A GENTLEMAN OF YOUR SIZE AND THROW HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW
HALF-WAY ACROSS THE LAWN.



MISS MARIE CORELLI is fairly working overtime these days in her efforts to convince us that the world is no longer fit to live in. Close upon the heels of her essay on *Patriotism*, in which the English Government and the poets and writers of the English-speaking world are told what Miss Corelli thinks of them, appears *The Master Christian*. This, briefly, is the story of how Christ revisits the Earth in this present year of grace (or disgrace, should we say?) and finds but two people who know him. One of these is a cardinal, the one lovely character in the book, by the way. The other, evidently, is Miss Corelli. By itself, the story would be neither very long nor very worthy of notice, but it merely serves to introduce a series of discourses, lectures and sermons, which express the author's views of church, churchmen and society—to tell us, in short, that all churchmen are hypocrites, all men are libertines, and that the few women who have anything serious to say to the world are denied a hearing. Possibly Miss Corelli will feel better now that she has gotten all this off her mind, and meanwhile most of us will continue to saw wood and to think that this old world of ours is a pretty good place after all. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

How S. R. Crockett came to think that another tale of the pirates of the Spanish Main was needed, we cannot tell. Such being his belief, however, the *Isle of the Winds* is a very fair attempt to fill the want. There are the usual fights and flights, and the Spanish Inquisition is duly introduced, and, as the story begins and ends in Scotland, one does not get out of practice in the dialect. (Doubleday and McClure Company.)

How a very pleasant and popular A. D. C. in British India came to be a bigamist is the rather novel theme of a book by A. Hamilton, called *The Dishonor of Frank Scott*. It is decidedly well written and contains much that we must own as human nature, but it cannot be recommended for the perusal of the "young person." (Harper and Brothers.)

The detective stories of Emile Gaboriau, six of them in all, have been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons for American readers, and, for the purpose they serve, are admirable. The titles are *Other People's Money*, *The Mystery of Orcival*, *The Widow Lerouge*, *The Honor of the Name*, *File No. 113*, and *Monsieur Lecoq*.

The alphabetical quatrains are being overworked. Here comes another little volume of them, *A Hand-Book of Golf*

for Bears, with pictures by Frank Verbeck, which are pretty good, and lines by Hayden Carruth, which are passable. (R. H. Russell.)

Afield and Afloat is a new volume of short stories by Frank Stockton. There is nothing better in light literature than Mr. Stockton's amusing tales, which are by no means so unreal or artificial as they seem. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Speculations and theories about Shakespeare's sonnets, why and how they were written, are always safe to make because there is no positive evidence in the way and never will be. And in a matter of this sort, if there is any excuse at all for a new volume on this subject, Mr. Parke Godwin is probably as well qualified, if not better than a great many others who have tried their hand at it. His recent volume, *A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare*, is intelligent and clear. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A series of articles which have appeared in the magazines from time to time since 1898 have been placed in book form by their author, Brooks Adams, under the title *America's Economic Supremacy*. They deal with international aspects of the process of social and economic evolution now going on, and while they do not cohere so well as if the whole subject had been handled at once, they throw much light on paramount questions. (The Macmillan Company.)

A growsome tale written by Robert Burns Wilson, under the title *Until the Day Break*, has for its basis a curious mechanism by which a gentleman is, without expecting it, landed in his own cellar a corpse. His best friend inherits his house and fiancée, and after some years discovers the skeleton. The literary style of the book is as far-fetched as its plot. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

LIFE'S Farm has received from the Washburn-Crosby Company, Minneapolis, two cases of Breakfast Food Yucca, hereby acknowledged with thanks.



Mrs. Bug: WILL—IE!! COME RIGHT OUT OF THAT PATH. SOME ONE MAY STEP ON YOUR TOES.



HIS LUCK.

The Way of the World.

HIS youth was spent upon a farm

In some backwoods locality,
And so the city had a charm,
A strong potentiality,
That seemed to urge him day and night

To seek its great variety,
To leave the fields behind, and write
A drama of society.

Now, had he been in city born,
Where crowds are really madden-
ing,
Far from the waving wheat and corn

And sylvan silence gladdening,
It would have been just his caprice

To show his versatility
By writing pastorals of peace
And ballads of tranquillity.

'Tis ever thus! What man can do—

This is the rule immutable—
He contemplates with sullen view,
And deems the task unsuitable,
While that of which he knows the least

He tackles with avidity—
He deems there is a fruitful feast
Where there is most aridity.

The man who's built to run a mill
Would seek a berth congress-
sional;

The one who's used to axe and drill

Would play us a recessionary;
The millionaire who deals in stocks

Has country-life propensities;
The farmer, goading on his ox,
Would deal with Trade's im-
mensities.

The modern maiden is beguiled
By some absurd "affinity";
The woman who could rear a child
Is aping masculinity.

They all forget they must progress
In fields that are permitted
them,

Nor strive from Life to woo
success

For which it never fitted them.
Elliott Flower.

HE: Those two old boys
think a lot of a good feed.

SHE: Yes. They've reached
their table-d'hôte age.

Life's Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
W. W. ASTOR.FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
L. H. CHANG.

THE announcement of LIFE's Cabinet has created nothing but applause. It is felt that, with Joseph Chamberlain guiding the reins of State, Richard Croker with a firm grip on the Treasury, and Mrs. Lease disbursing our total annual income for pensions, the millennium is near at hand.

Terror now is disintegrating the ranks of our political opponents. The names of Astor and Chang, as future rulers of the nation, with the powerful support on the one hand of the Four Hundred, and on the other of the entire laundry vote, are enough to insure election.

There must, however, be no doubt of this. There is too much at stake. We propose, therefore, to outline our policy.

No vague promises of future prosperity suit Astor and Chang. They want everyone to know just what will happen.

The Republicans promise prosperity, red-hot imperialism, monopolies, protection and places. The Democrats promise prosperity, free silver, isolation and whiskers. Astor and Chang promise all these and more.

What this country needs is a President who can meet every emergency—one who is frank and open enough to let us know beforehand just what we are going to expect. Read and ponder, then, our

CAMPAIGN DOCUMENT NUMBER TWO.

Immediately upon their accession to the white, yellow, brown and black man's burden, President Astor will call an extra session of Congress, and each Congressman will be given a large morphine pill. Our business interests having thus been protected, the country will be put on a combined silver and gold basis. We are surprised that no one has ever thought of this before, but perhaps it was too good for the country. Both sides will then be satisfied.

We shall first have a gold standard, and then everything will be paid in silver. Every silver dollar will, of course, weigh as much as it is worth, and every citizen will carry his loose change around in a wheelbarrow.

Instead of the present half-hearted Chinese policy, which we all so much deplore, because, if it were not the eve of an election, we might be taking half of Manchuria—instead of all this, President Astor will immediately dispatch an adequate army of one million to China, and permanent quarters will be provided for them there. We are determined, however,

not to burden our taxpayers with this increased expense. To meet this emergency, the Waldorf-Astoria rates will be raised if necessary.

The Philippine question will be settled in the easiest and best manner. The editor of the *Journal* will be immediately dispatched to Manila, where a morning and evening *Journal* will be started. It is hoped that the fierce, bristling headlines will accomplish their object, and that the natives will drop dead in far greater numbers than when fired on by our soldiers. There being no Filipinos left, it will be easier to introduce our higher civilization.

And now about trusts. Shall combinations of capital be allowed to thrive in the hands of a favored few, and thus be a standing menace to our institutions? Never! Let them be extended to take in everyone. What we want are more Rockefellers. We expect this country to be so well off under Astor and Chang that every farmer will own his own automobile, and when he goes to bed at night his eyes will be blinded into wakefulness by the bright glare of the certificates of stock he uses for wall paper.

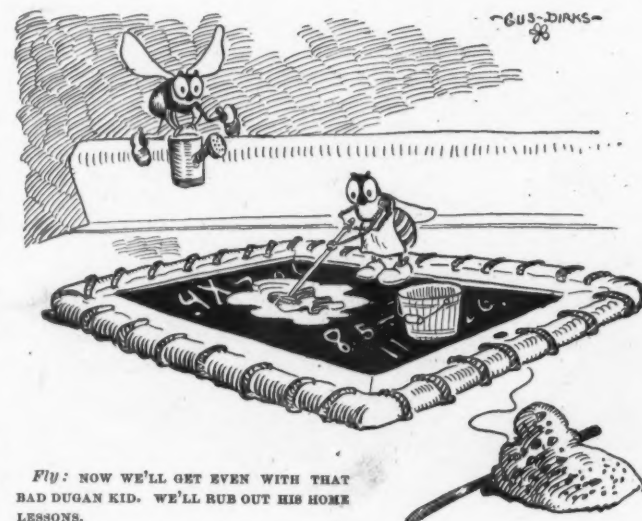
Hand in hand with dear old England, our pulpit preaching to alien lands the policy of peace and plenty, while the merry whirl of the ubiquitous bullet is heard on the field of battle; with the rosebud of benevolent assimilation in our buttonhole, and the weapon of quick dispatch in our hip pocket, there is nothing that we may not yet accomplish.

Progress.

"THESE Broadway cars are getting more uncomfortable all the time."

"Why shouldn't they be? The management is naturally becoming more and more expert in ministering to the discomfort of the passengers."

IF the average man were to write his autobiography, he would devote the whole book to his troubles and tell of his joys in an appendix.





Predestined.

E are the chosen people,
Great Jacob's latest seed—
Eternally appointed
To rule the Gentile breed.
The God of Battles makes us
His most especial care,
And bids us crush the Heathen,
And all their plunder share.

We go to church on Sunday—
At least sometimes we do—
We vote the very ticket
Our party tells us to ;
We seldom use bad language,
We have the social pull,
And, take things all together,
We're most respectable.

We know the Anglo-Saxon
Is foreordained to thrive,
And doubt if other races
Should longer be alive.
Jehovah is our leader,
And bids his saints advance
To take the horded Heathen
For their inheritance.

Wherever lands are flowing
With honey and with milk—

Wherever gold is glowing,
Or cotton, corn or silk,
We yearn to preach the gospel
To every mother's son,
And when the cusses spurn it,
We preach it with a gun.

Let hoary heads in Congress
Deplore the lusty strife!
Arm-chairs for all the dotards!
We want "the strenuous life."
In vain their parlor precepts
The Golden Rule unfold:
We're on a different basis—
And that's the Rule of Gold.

The world is to the White Man
By Right Divine assigned;
When Destiny is calling
We are not color-blind.
The Black and Brown and Yellow
Have served some end, no doubt,
But all this "Man and Brother"
Is certainly played out.

The milk-and-water preachers
Had best their prattle cease;
We've little use at present
For any "Prince of Peace."

An up-to-date Messiah
Is what we want to see;
The Gospels are back numbers;
This isn't Galilee.

Yet our assimilation
Is most benevolent,
And we absorb the alien
With kindest of intent;
But "Free and Equal" problems
We really can't discuss,
And when we say "benevolent,"
Of course we mean to us.

We are the chosen people—
The long-elected seed—
We're on the track of Glory
And grow in grace and greed.
In vain the Peace Commission
Would check our spreading girth;
We want no New Jerusalem;
We only want the earth.

Edward A. Church.

JASPER: I believe the *Journal* is
trying to elevate its moral tone.

JUMPUPPE: Go on.

"I mean it. They have started a
religious department and placed it
under the charge of a prize-fighter."

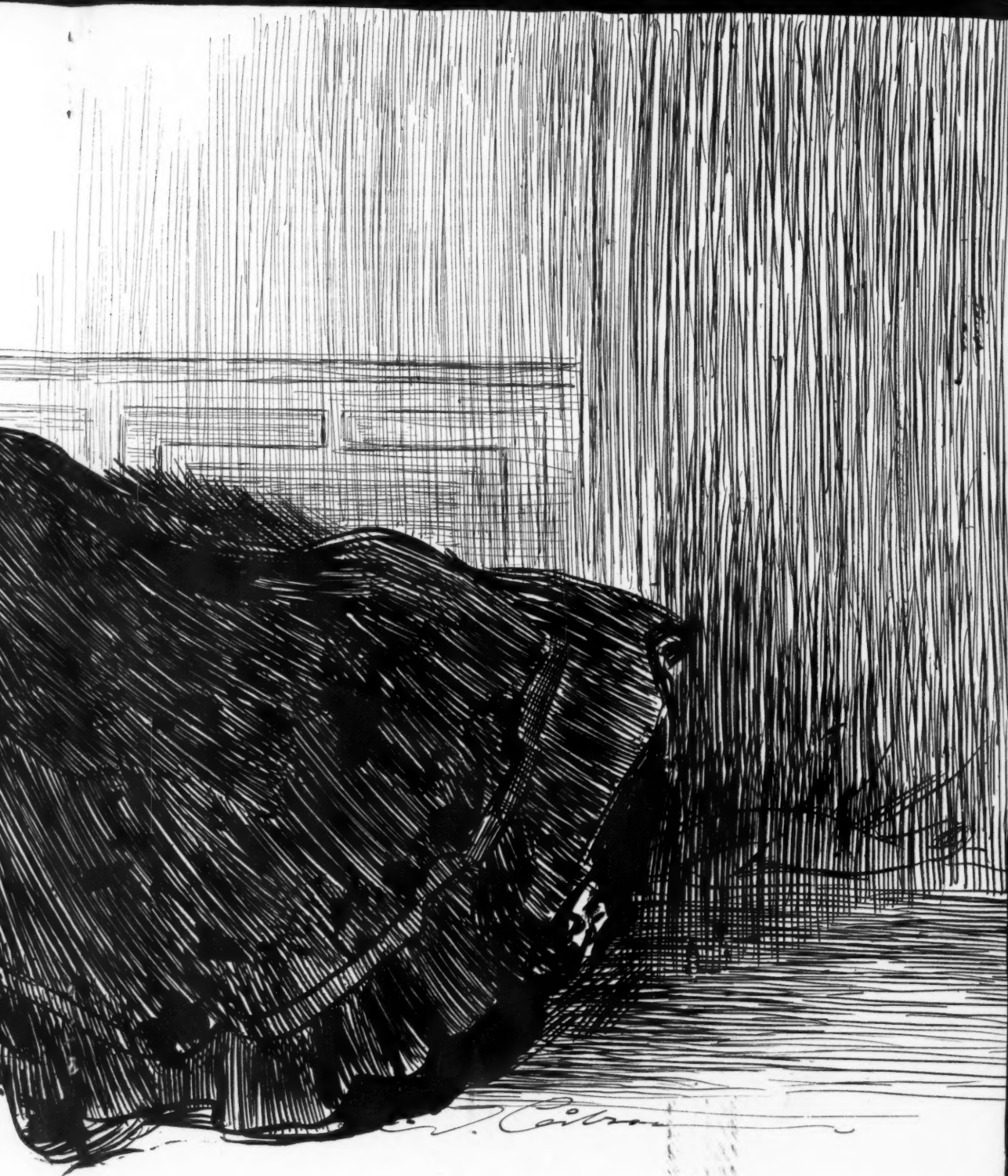


IF EVE SHOULD COME BACK TO EARTH.



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A WIDOW AND HER
I.
SHE CONTEMPLATES THE



OW AND HER FRIENDS.

I.

ONTEMPLATES THE CLOISTER.

Beside the Gas Log.

WHEN the winds are chill and the sky
is gray,
And a haze is over the earth, somehow
There is nothing to do and little to say,
Except hats and gowns and such powwow.
Then it's oh—to browse in the newest book
Where heroes swagger with pomp and
show,
And deep in a chair by the chimney nook
To sit and dream in the gas log's glow!

In the dear, dim, distant days of old,
Booted and spurred the gallants rode,
Giving no thought to the glint of gold,
And sword in hand was the only code.
Ruffles of lace and cloaks they wore.
There was love and hate for friend and foe.
Ah, those were the heroes of old-time lore—
We can see them all in the gas log's glow!

Empty age of the Up-to-date,
Loves and wars of the Here and Now,
Is there no voice articulate
Our rights in romance to allow
Makers of plots with mould o'er east?
Are we of to-day so beastly slow
We must bask in the ashes of the past
And scorn the warmth of the gas log's
glow?

Kate Masterson.

Conscience-Stricken.

THE great playwright awoke with
a start.

He was one of these great playwrights who make forty plays a year, comic operas, tragedies, comedies, romances, "adaptations," anything.

Where they obtain the material—not pen, ink and paper, but plots, and the like—the admiring public wonders.

But, then, the admiring public has no memory, and no library.

Well, the great playwright awoke with a start.

Something unusual, he knew intuitively, was about to happen.

He heard a noise from downstairs. Burglars!

Creeping stealthily down the stairs, he discovered a masked robber at his jewel casket.

"Aha!" cried the great playwright, "stealing!"

"No," replied the burglar, calmly, for he had recognized the great playwright, "I am merely 'adapting.'"

The great playwright hung his head and retreated, stung to the quick.

Paul West.



From Cheever Goodwin to William Shakespeare.

"THE MONKS OF MALABAR" offends none of the traditions of ordinary, common, or garden, comic opera.



BOOLBOOM.

It is built on the model of some dozens of others. We are pleased when to the customary jingly music the curtain rises on bright scenery and brilliant costumes. We are

equally pleased when the final curtain, to jingly music, falls on other bright scenery and other brilliant costumes. We have passed two or three hours of our more or less brief lives certainly without effort or improvement, and have been neither greatly amused nor seriously bored. We have heard music of no special distinction, but jingly; voices not taxed beyond moderate capabilities; a plot, if commingled absurdity and impossibility may be called a plot, and lines and situations, a few of which make one laugh, more are worn by previous use, and the great majority machine-made. It is the same old style of entertainment, done in the same old way and with few touches of originality or true humor.

"The Monks of Malabar" is produced as a background for Mr. Francis Wilson's abilities as a singing comedian. As Mr. Wilson cannot be truly said to be a singer,

this seems rather a paradox, and we may well wonder why he chooses a musical and scenic vehicle for the display of his powers when it calls for such elaborate effort with, in this case, such ordinary result. As *Boolboom*, the Frenchman located in India, he reverts to his earliest methods, and his agile limbs more than divide the honors with his other interpreting agents. He is as funny as the score—made from the same old stencil-plates—will let him be. Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler has little to do in a vocal way but has a handsome make-up and easy carriage. In the prima donna rôle, Mr. Wilson has improved his support by the engagement of Miss Madge Lessing, who is



BOOLBOOM AND THE NABOB.

dainty, graceful, demurely pretty, and who possesses an agreeable little voice.

To witness "The Monks of Malabar" and the countless other operas of its class makes us wish heartily that, in its beneficence, nature had seen fit to have born into the world a few more Gilberts, Sullivans, Herberts, Offenbachs and Halévy's.

IF Mr. E. H. Sothorn's attempt at *Hamlet* had proved a marked failure he would still have deserved praise for the ambition to do something of greater artistic moment than the merely popular achievements with which his name has been principally associated. In producing "The Sunken Bell" he showed his serious bent, and that he should undertake the labors and self-denial incident to



"THE MONKS OF MALABAR."

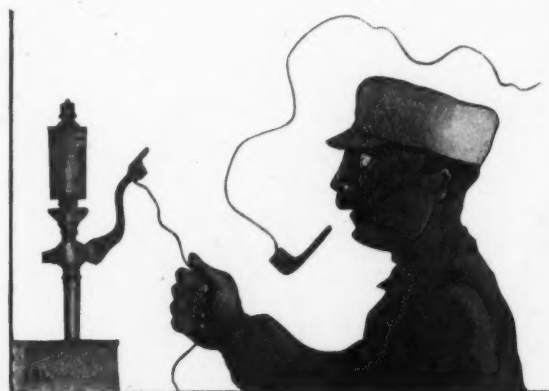
a production of "Hamlet" in these days was proof indeed that he has set his mark high

But Mr. Sothern's attempt was far from failure. Without going into the great elaborateness of Sir Henry Irving's methods, he has given "Hamlet" one of the best, if not the best, setting it has ever had in America. To do Shakespeare such honor nowadays is pretty sure to mean pecuniary loss, and that, in his good cause, he was willing to face this is much to Mr. Sothern's credit as an artist. His company was, unfortunately, not as good as the settings, a fact not to be wondered at when it is remembered how few of our present-day actors ever get a chance at Shakespeare's lines. Virginia Harned's *Ophelia*, while not absolutely bad, fell short of the requirements of the part, and, with the exception of Mr. Varrey's *Polonius*, the remainder of the characters showed how little attention is paid to-day to clear enunciation and grace of carriage.

Mr. Sothern's own work as *Hamlet* was a most agreeable surprise. *LIFE* has often questioned his real power as an actor and has commented upon the monotony of his delivery. In some passages he forced himself into a false, throaty voice rather painful to the ear, but in the main his delivery was clear and his utterance modulated agreeably. In the vehement passages his tongue stumbled at times, mixing the words, but perhaps the author, rather than the actor, should be blamed for difficult phrases to be uttered in the heat of emotion. Mr. Sothern's reading of the lines showed study and full comprehension. It has been said that *Hamlet* is in this respect a part that plays itself and it may so impress the closet student of Shakespeare. But between mental comprehension and clear interpretation by speech and act there lies much space, as those can testify who have seen many *Hamlets*. In force, in intelligence and in logicity, Mr. Sothern is entitled to rank with the best seen by this generation of play-goers. In many points it is original and agreeably so. It is a very human *Hamlet*, notably in the grave-digger scene, where the atmosphere approaches that of modern colloquialism, thereby touching our sympathies closely and forming a fine contrast for the heroic acting that follows. Throughout the play Mr. Sothern shows a true appreciation of its contrasts and handles the lights and shadows with artistic dexterity. His *Hamlet* is a notable achievement in a career that at one time seemed unpromising from the higher point of view, and *LIFE* congratulates Mr. Sothern on what he has done for himself and for dramatic art.

It is unusual that an actor who owes his material success largely to the matinée girl should desert her for more serious appreciation, but Mr. Sothern has despoiled the Egyptians to good purpose, and no lover of Shakespeare should fail to see his interpretation of one of the Bard's greatest creations.

Metcalfe.



"DON'T TOUCH ME OR I'LL SCREAM," SAID THE STEAM WHISTLE TO THE ENGINEER.



The Prince: WELL, I'LL BE BLOWED! IF I HAVEN'T GONE AND RESCUED MY WIFE.

A Letter.

DEAR LIFE: In your "Guide to Voters" erase the word "panic" from your Bryan predictions. Panics are not the result of any policy of any administration. They are caused entirely at the will of financiers. In March, 1893, banks notified all customers they would not renew the ninety-day loans falling due June 1st, 1893—hence the Bankers' Panic. It is true it nearly smashed the banks. They only bridged over with the fiat of Clearing House certificates. They deplete the gold in the Treasury, or increase it at will.

The finances are entirely independent of politics. If Mr. Bryan allowed government funds to be deposited with private banks, and the Treasury was authorized to help those who were squeezed, there would be no panic. The moment the financial world is called on to "cash in," there is no cash, and hence panic. Our prosperity depends on the will of the banks. The only difference between the double and single standard is that it is easier to control matters with a single standard. It is well that it is so. The iron, oil, coal and agricultural interests are controlled by brainy men. The money trade is controlled by the brainiest men. They do it well—of course it is greatly to their personal advantage, and when it becomes grievous, which it will not, we will change it. Yours truly,

DENVER, COLORADO, September 8, 1900.

W. C. Calkins.

ISN'T it wonderful how much bigger a five per cent. advance in coal seems than a twenty-five per cent. advance in the price of cigars?

Man Proposes, But—



It is surprising, in this scientific age, that no organized method has been introduced in such an important matter as asking a girl to say yes. While, in other directions, we are systematizing our lives more and more, lovers, who in the majority of cases have had no previous experience, are allowed to blunder along in the most aimless and inconsequential and fruitless manner.

Not that we should depart from that laudable incoherency, that delightful foolishness, which are ever-recurring symptoms of a world-wide malady. Indeed, these emotions are entitled to the utmost respect. Though inexplicable, they are none the less inevitable; though apparently incongruous, they are none the less necessary, and should be recognized, sifted into their component parts and developed along established evolutionary lines.

Just as there are good and evil in the world, so there are successful and unsuccessful proposers. It is doubtless our constant endeavor—within our dim lights—to reduce the unsuccessful to a minimum, nay, to a total eclipse. But to get the highest results, the necessity for following certain prescribed rules is not always duly perceived. This knowledge is of slow growth, but we must make a beginning some time.

Temperament, worldly standing, age, intellectualities in love affairs are all subjects too big to grasp at one handling. We may hope now only to indicate modes of proposing and their relations to the end in view.

It is a threadbare fact that an element of foolishness enters into all love matters, and as we examine this element, its transcendent importance becomes plain.

When we see an ill-favored, wizened, insignificant, will-o'-the-wisp of a man united to a quivering mountain of a woman—both living in that absolute harmony of soul-fusion which is the despair of mere material intellects—we gasp, and wonder what magic, what mystery of affinities, drew these two together. What did he say to get her? What did he do that she should (figuratively) fall into his arms?

In truth, he won her by the measure of his incapacity, and this is the secret of love's success.

What a man's inherent, recondite strength is, the woman always knows. It is an insult to her intuitive woman's mind for him to display it to her at critical moments. She measures—and always accurately—the depth of his love by the height of his idiocy. Herein, somewhere, is the key to the citadel.

To win the maiden of his choice, then, a man must be, for the time, a very proper fool. This might not be a difficult rule—many have a natural gift in this direction—were it not that a particular kind of foolishness is essential.

There is a fine, special strain of idiocy, not natural, not always achieved by patience, but seemingly spontaneous, complete, leaving nothing to be desired, that the true lover vaunts as his own particular attribute. How, by premeditation, by design, by conquest of hitherto unknown sources of power, may this be attained?

The time is short. While you are planning, arranging, sorting your emotions, laying out ways and means of attack, lo! the other fellow has come and taken her away.

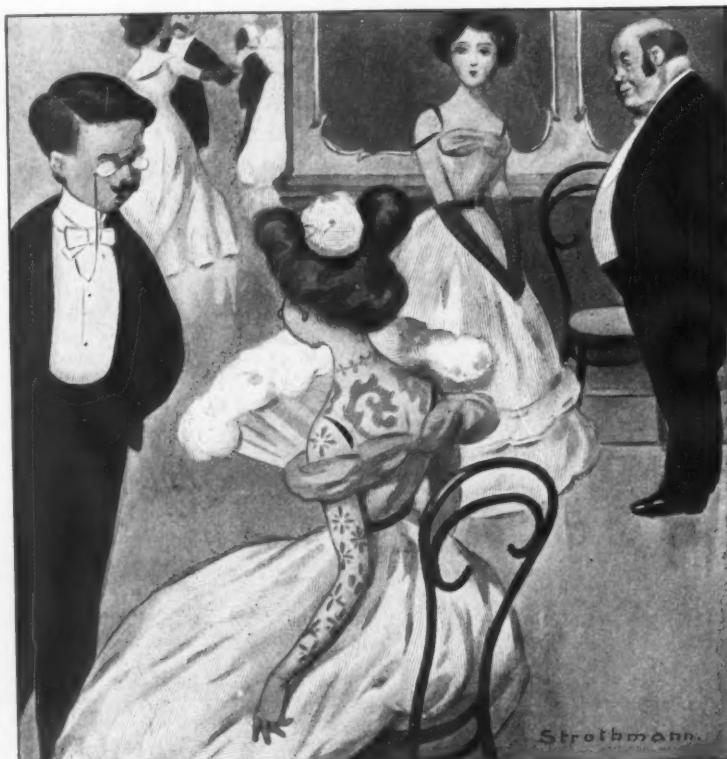
Is this, then, to admit our case to be altogether hopeless? To state that love, so evanescent, may not be reduced to a system? Never!

Your other lover—alas for him!—has succeeded the first time. You, the unhappy, the truly agonized, more fortunate defeated rival remain, the world before you. To succeed the first time! That is lasting failure.

Yet err not upon the other side, and acquire a habit of frequent proposing without tangible result. This is the last end of man—to be rejected without pain.

There is a point somewhere along this road, between the first providential failure and what might be the last sad success, where a man has the right to propose and to be accepted. Idiocy has come to him in its true solution. He is then the right kind of a fool. And when he finds this spot, let him strike while the iron is white—he has earned a lasting peace.

Tom Masson.



"GRACIOUS! IS THAT THE TATTOOED LADY OVER THERE?"

"NO; THAT IS MERELY THE RESULT OF GETTING SUNBURNED IN AN OPEN WORK DRESS."

Pugilism Prone.

THAT old, trite, and immortal saying that "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," seems to apply to prize-fighters as well as to ordinary folks. Mrs. James J. Corbett, being duly scorned, or the same thing, has been raising very hot material around her former champion's ears, and the sacred art of pugilism has received a telling blow. Ah well, there are other places to work the public in besides dear old New York. And when the whole flock of prize-fighters has migrated elsewhere to settle its differences for gate money, what is then some one else's loss will be our gain.

Past All That.

SHE: Is your knee tired, dear?
HE: Oh, no. I can't feel it at all now.



"With rest and care and simple food
"She may outlive both you and me.
"A change of air might do her good."
(One bag of honey was his fee.)

"Take me! take me!" the clovers cry
To the maid bending wistful eyed.
With gentle hand she puts them by
Till all but one are passed aside.

Before her sisters' wondering eyes
Her leaves are kissed and counted over.
"You've brought me hope," the maiden
cries,
"God bless you, little four-leaved clover."
Oliver Herford.

A Hopeless Case.

HER sisters shunned her half in fear
And half in pity. "'Tis too bad
She is not made as we, poor dear."
(Four leaves instead of three she had.)

Said Doctor Bee: "Her case is rare
"And due to influence prenatal,
"To amputate I would not dare,
"The operation might be fatal.



Multiplying Bachelors.

THE steady growth of bachelor apartments in New York, which has been so conspicuous during the last two years, may have been a foreshadowing of the latest census returns, which tell us that the city contains now twenty-five thousand more women than men. Ten years ago there were only ten thousand more.

If, during every ten years of growth, fifteen thousand women are to be left out in the cold, the future is not such a desirable object to face after all. In fifty years we shall be confronted by an army of one hundred and fifty thousand women, who have either scorned to say "yes," or haven't been asked.

When women are not keeping house, they are always likely to be trying to do something for the general good of mankind. But *trying* and the accomplishment thereof are two different things. So we may be confronted by a more formidable array of authoresses, temperance cranks and other enthusiasts than even to-day we are blessed with.

What is the matter with our bachelors? Is this town getting too comfortable a place for them to abide in?

Defined.

"PAPA, what is the unpardonable sin?"

"My son, anything I do that your mother doesn't like."

A Mighty Hunter.

GETTING fun out of a political campaign is not usually a much pleasanter job than picking chestnuts out of an average fire.

But it is undoubtedly an art in itself, and the Hon. Carl Schurz ought to be awarded the blue ribbon this year. No one has had more fun, or made better use of it than he.

When the open season for Republican politicians came on, Mr. Schurz got down his tried and trusty gun and went out after game. Up to date he has bagged several fine specimens, the latest being Secretary Gage. Mr. Gage attempted to tie up Mr. Schurz with his own words, but Mr. Schurz was not to be tied up. He reversed the process, and Mr. Gage is now struggling between the parallel columns that Mr. Schurz arranged for him.





THE ARMY MULE.

Let others sing of the noble horse,
High-stepping, brave and gay,
Who prances proudly o'er the course
In his patrician way.
A humbler figure claims our song,
A victim of misrule,
The poor, oppressed, yet tough and strong,
American army mule:
The long-eared mule,
Missouri mule,
The balking, biting,
Kicking, fighting,
Rough and rusty,
Tried and trusty,
Tough old army mule.

He's no prize beauty, and, beside,
He wasn't made for show.
The meat inside his leathery hide
Is gristlier than crow.
But warring nations wait until
He comes across the sea
Before their armies move to kill
The blarsted enemy.
He's ugly, churlish, crabbed, glum,
And cross, and sullen, yet
He's won his crown of martyrdom
A thousand times, you bet!
That tough old mule,
Missouri mule,
That aw-he-hawing,
Kicking, jawing,
Bucking, biting,
Swearing, fighting,

Ugly, rancorous,
Rude, cantankerous,
Old, moth-eaten,
Weather-beaten,
Measly, plebald,
Glistening eyeballed,
Grouty, grumpy,
Rope-tailed, dumpy,
Darned old mule,
Missouri mule,

American army mule. —Chicago Tribune.

"ON de square," said Plum Puddin' Tommy, after spending a night in the Sacramento jail, "dem bulls at de Capitol are de freshest guys I ever seen. Wot do ye tink of 'em trowin' me an' sixteen of de gang into de cooler, and den shooin' us out o' town de nex' mornin'? Wouldn't it rasp yer?"

"Why did dey pick me out? I wasn't doin' any rough work. I cut de res' of de circuit out, and just as soon's I git into town dey pinch me. Tough? I should say it was."

"You'd oughter see de res' of de gang, though. Dere was Jockey Lew. He tinks he's a high-class tout, an' was awful sore wen he gits rounded up. Why, he had a hundred and twent in coin of de realm, and he had to give it to de duck what keeps de jail. De Sneaky Kid didn't have nothin', but he swelled up like a millionaire wen de bobby says, 'Come wid me.' Dey was a couple o' hop legs in de bunch, and dey had a terrible time. I felt sorry for 'em, on de level I did. Dey kep us in de pen all night, and den tole us to sneak in de mornin'."

"If yous felleys stick around here," says de main cop, "I'll trow yous in agin and vag yous all." All excep' Vicksburg Wood. Dey let him stay because he had a strong drag wid some politician.

"Wen de bull takes me, I swells up some meself."

"Say," I says, "you don't know who you're pinchin'!"

"Oh, yes, I do," he says; "yer a tout, all right."

"If I am," I says, "I'm on de level. I'm de duck wot touted Admiral Dewey." And wot do yer tink dat bull says? It near knocked me silly when he bails me out:

"I always tought dat Dewey was a sucker," he says. "If he hadn't been, he wouldn't a' sailed over dem dere torpedoes in M'nla Bay as if dey wasn't nothin' but peanuts. Come on."

"And I had ter go. I m bloomin' well tired of dese here jay towns, anyhow. I'll cut 'em out and confine my operations to de metropoltern tracks." —News-Letter.

THE nine hundred and ninety-ninth version of Maud Muller, clipped from the *Butler Herald*, sizes her and the hay field up in the following metre:

"Maud Muller on a summer's day raked the meadow fresh with hay, and the bumlebee and garter snake she also raked with her little rake. And the wind that blew that summer's day brought Maud freckles in a frightful way; and her neck was roasted and her face was baked, but still she raked, and raked and raked. It seems that her pap was away that day to some political fol de ray, and her mother, too, was a delegate to a hen convention out of the State. And the hired man in his hand-me down was attending a circus that day in town. So Maud was left alone that day to do the chores and rake the hay. And she pitched right in her level best and only took an occasional rest, then she split on her hands once more and take a better hold on her little rake. But as she wrestled the new-mown grass, these words from her lips did sadly pass:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'They've gone again, they're away attending other folks' affairs, and left me here to manage theirs.'"

—Indianapolis Press.

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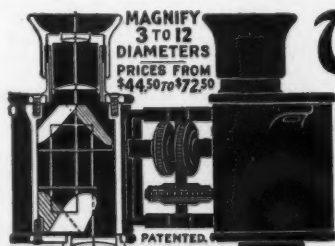
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THE wisest man I ever met
Kept an oyster for a pet.
"It won't do tricks," he used to say,
"But, then—it never runs away!"

— Little Folks.

PARIS AWARD FOR THE PRUDENTIAL.

The award of gold medals for American exhibits has just been made at the Paris Exposition, and the first and only life insurance company in the United States to get a gold medal or an award of any kind is The Prudential.

It comes as a formal and official recognition of The Prudential's excellent policies and modern business methods, and the officers feel justly proud that theirs is the only company to be paid such a well-merited honor.

The Company's exhibit was made at the request of the United States Government, and the award carries with it a double significance, for it bears witness to the unique status of The Prudential in the world of life insurance, and to the high character of American exhibits in general.

The fact that The Prudential was also able to get up such a comprehensive and exhaustive exhibit on such short notice from the Government authorities, and, besides, one that received the only prize awarded to American life insurance companies, speaks volumes for its excellent office system and accurate business methods, and makes it clear that the Company has its business in all its branches under thorough control.

The Prudential gave the initiative to the idea of Industrial life insurance in the United States in 1875, and, from that time until the present, The Prudential has been its foremost exponent, and its policies have been held as the best and most liberal examples of the modern life insurance contract.

To receive a high award is one thing, but to receive the first and only award attests not only the Company's commanding place in the life insurance world, but is equally a tribute to those of its management, to whose untiring efforts the success of the Company is so largely due. The Prudential's award suggests the epigram, "Praise is praise when well addressed."

INFLUENTIAL CITIZEN: Colonel Bryan, I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Gingersnap, one of the best men in our town, who has long desired—

COLONEL BRYAN (looking at his watch): I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Gingersnap, but I shall have to deny myself the pleasure of talking to you. I have got to go out now and accept two or three Presidential nominations.

—Chicago Tribune.

WAITER!

A dozen on half shell, some celery, and a pint of Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. I wish to dine with the gods.

"THE difference between the cow and the milkman," said the gentleman with a rare memory for jests, "is that the cow gives pure milk."

"There is another difference," retorted the milkman. "The cow doesn't give credit."—Indianapolis Press.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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"WELL, uncle, which do you prefer—the white man of the North or the white man of the South?" asked the idle one.

"Boss, I'll tell yo' jes' how it is," was the reply. "When de white man am feelin' good he am all right anywhere, but when de white man am feelin' wrong I don't want nuffin' to do with him nowhere."—Chicago Post.



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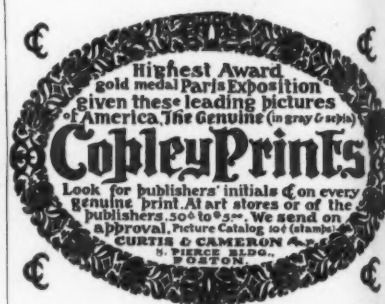
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